Choice Poetry. From the Cayuga Chief.

BY ANA M. SHMHICOTT Yes, then art mine, and I am thine, No earthly hend can sever. The He that binds thy heart to mine, And mine to thine, forever. and suffly thro'the summer day,

He will formbe us, never;
As I am thine, and thou art mine.
And we are his—forever.
And ever, on life's changing sea.

ght and stormy weath riessly and trustfully be' cold and dark above our home
Thiertune's cloud may lower, reind heart's the tempest come

coor each loving heart shall twine, Amid the gloom and sadness; righter effection's gome shall shine, has in the hour of gladness.

d ever on life's shadowy see,
in bright or stormy weather,
ill hopefully and trustfully We'll breast the waves togethe. My love, my life to thee I give, And unto thee slope; low doubly meet for thee to live,

To him who guards us eye r; on Lam thine, and I am thine, and we are His-fore

'S OD'S WORLD IS WORTHY BETTER MEN

The world pays nell for seiling it.
They say the world's a descridrent,
Still plagued with Egypte bilindness;
That we were sent to suffer here—
What I by a God of kindness?
That almost he world has gone astray,
It must be a forester. It must be so forever; And we must stand and obey We 'll labor for a better time, With all our might of Press and Pon, elieve me...'t is a truth sublime -. God's world is worthy better men.

With Paradise the world began - . A world of love and sadness It's beauty may be marred by man,
With all hisorime and madness:
Yet 'lie a brave world still. Love brings & subshine for the dreary. With all our s rife, sweet rest hath wings. To hold our hearts a-weary. The sun, in glory, like a ged, To-day climbs up hoaven's besom; The fewers upon the jeweled and In sweet leve lessons blossom --And beauty so in Eden. Then

leve me---'tie a noble truth---Probe nature's heart to its red core.

There's more of good than evil;

And man--down-tramy led man--is more

An angel than a devil.

Prepare to die ? Prepare to live!

We knew not what is living:

And let ue to the world's good give. As God is ever giving; Hve action, the't, love, love, wealth and t To win the primal are again;

THE PRINTERS "HIAWATHA."

nould you set me why this dunning. Thy those sad complaints and marmura, formers load about dottoments Memers loud about delinquents
Whe have read the paper weekly,
Head what they have never paid for.
Head with pleasure and with profit,
Read of news both home and foreign,
Head the essays and the paems,
Pull of wisdom and instruction; Should you ask us why this dunning, We should answer, we should tell you-

From the printer, from the mailer, From the prompt old paper-maker, From the landlord, from the carrier, With a "stamp" from Uncle Samuel".
Uncle Sam the rowdlescall him, rom them all there comes a me sage kind, but firmly anokon. Please to pay us what you owo us." Sad it to to hour such mossage, When our funds are all exhausted, When the last beak note has left us, When the gold celn all hes vanished.

Gone to pay the paper maker, Gone to pay the toiling printer. Gone to pay the landlord tribute, Sons to pay the setive carrier, Sons to pay the faithful mester. Some to pay old Uncle Samuelo-Spale Sam the rowdles call himse-Gone to pay the Western paper Three-had-twenty hundred deliars and it to to turn our ledger, Pure the leaves of this old ledger. Turn and see what sume are due Due for volumes long since and Due for volumes long since unded, Due for years of pleasant reading.

Due for years of tolleame labor, Due despite our patient waiting. Due despite our constant dumning Due to sume from two to twenty. Would you lift a burden from us? Would you drive a spectre from you?

Would you have a pleasant niumber?
Would you have a quiet conscience?
Would you read a paper paid for?
Bond us money, send us money,
Head us money, send us money, Bend us money that you one ne!

From the New York Ledger LINES. As distant lands beyond the ses,
When friends go thomes, draw nigh,
No Heaven, when friends have thither game,
Draws nearer from the sky.

A Good Story.

CHARLIE MASON A HOME STORY.

BY SNOW DROP.

Twas towards the last of January, 1844, and winter, cold and drear, swayed its icy sceptre over the gay and populous city of Washington. The morning had been dark and gloomy, and as night came on, a terrible snowstorm compelled man and beast to seek shelter. The clouds were drifted across the sky like evil spirits contending for dominion, the piercing and as the last stroke died on the wind, Mr. Mason arose, and raped his cloak around him, prepared to brave the storm that still raged with violence. "I do not like to distress you," said he turning to his wife and daughter "Lut I fear something unpleasant has occurred to delay Charlie so long, I will go to Mr. Stanford, and see if I can obtain any information concerning him," and he set out towards the merchant's residence. The family had retired, and it was with some difed across the sky like evil spirits con-tending for dominion, the piercing blast howled dismally through the almost deserted streets, and the Storm

a plain, neat frame tenement, whose appearance indicated that its occupants were of that class of persons who were compelled, by daily labor, to sustain themselves. A cheerful fire was burning in a grate in the interior was burning in a grate in the interior ask that?" of one of the apartments, shedding a bright glow over the pleasant countenances of Albert Mason, his wife, and daughter. He was a steady, industrious mechanic, earning with honest industry the means of supporting his small family, and loved and respected by all in the circle in which he moved. His daughter Kate was a quiet, dark-eyed girl of sixteen, whose sunny smiles and sweet voice seemed to

What causes Charlic to a year of the converse and go with all sever the service of the conversation of the

smiling faces, and replacing it on the counter, he turned and entered the private office of the wealthy merchant. Both taste and elegance were combined in the arrangement of this little apartment, and none could gaze or the fine portraits that adorned the

King scemed to rule the elements with all his fury.

In an obscure but pleasant street a plain, neat frame tenement, whose a plain, neat frame tenement, whose enquired what time his son had left

"Have you heard nothing of Char-lie?" asked Mrs. M., as he entered. "Nothing," said he, "he left the ofshed rays of sunshine around her fice at the usual hour with a bundle to carry to a distant part of the city, and "What causes Charlie to stay so I fear"—here he paused, for he could late, mother?" asked Kate, as she sat not trust his lips to utter the fearful

nto the dark streets, "its a dreadful "Speak Albert," she said. "I would light, and the poor little fellow will know what has befallen him," and

store, tired and cold, there was still "Charlie passed our house in the storm another large one to be carried to a last night and mother made him come distant part of the city. As the weary in and get himself dry and warm, but child raised the bundle, he thought of he would not stay all night, he said the long, wet walk, and then of the you would be uneasy." As the boy comfortable home, with its cheerful, ceased speeking Mr. Mason fell sense-

the quick as were, and the child turning as a sympathise with the behave dealing the passed since the more to face the storm. Was that man happy, as, half an hour after he reposed on his down by det, surround, occurrence, narrated-in the foregoing chapter, and Mr. San- thought on the weary boy who was the traversing the dark streets, through wind and storm, to save him as few dimes? Ah, no; wealth to often steels the heart to humanity and looks in link until at length each humanic paths with the began to star humanic paths and tooks.

The answer was sufficient, and the him in any waking hours, and sooks. The part to take the highly intellectual endowments. It appeared to when, half an hour afterwards, they let the jessamine bower, the moon of distress in which this was spoten, and laughed merityly abe ended to the prevent the traversing the dark streets, through wind and storm, to save him to often steels the heart to humanity and looks in the little Charlie of whom we spot who was carried to calm herself at the galax to calm herself at the figures over the strings in allow voice of the streets, the control of the streets of the star to humanity and looks the little Charlie of whom we spot who was the streets, through wind and storm, to save him to come of the streets of the streets, through wind and storm, to save him to ever the strings in allow of the streets of the

around. Time brings changes to all, and if my reader will steal a glance with me through the casement of you der mansion, he will scarcely recognize in that bent form and silvery locks, the once erect figure, and stern features of Martin Sanford. Fortune features of Martin Sanford. Fortune had smiled on him, and if he was wealthy when we first introduced him short prelude sang it, if possible, rot all been quite honestly obtained. It was the morning of his daughter's nineteenth birthday, and he had provaguely whispered that his riches had tones in which he thanked her, as he not all been quite honestly obtained. led her to a sent when she concluded.

"You will never see him again, Annie, he is dead, but I thought you knew this before, for it has been two days since."

The little rosy cheek grew pale, but live present the ling sery strange about him, something sad and misterious connected to speak, but her voice failed and the next instant she lay senseless in her father's arms. A messinger was instant she lay senseless in her tried to draw from him without success, "remarked Eugene Ray, "the has a very handsome face, with black eyes and when she arrived, Annie sat sobing beside him, while he endeavored to calm her grief."

Why do you weep so, my darling," asked he, the boy was nothing to you. Come, dry your tears and go with me, and you shall have whatever you will leave her for a short time to her what is cortain.

"You cannot be otherwise than long merrily.

"Annie and Mr. Percy passed an extremely pleasant time, conversing on poetry and music, and various other with those bright eyes of yours," "Perhaps she has," answered Charlie, laughing, and followed the blushing girl, who quickly made her escape, as the good old man made his innocent remark.

"You cannot be otherwise than nextract miles bows its street to take a ride, "Ah! you merry little witch," and he, smiling, "I shouldn't wonder to tremely pleasant time, conversing on poetry and music, and various other with those bright eyes of yours," "Perhaps she has," answered Charlie, laughing, and followed the blushing girl, who quickly made her escape, as the good old man made his innocent remark.

"You can't imagine what a good affectionate son Charles is, Mrs. S."

"You can't him, but be came not, and far. whith his history, that I have often tried to take a ride, "Ah! you merry little witch," and the, smiling, "a shouldn't wonder to wait him, but be ascertain the safe termed by the her delay. "Annie and Mr. Percy passed an extremely pleasant time, conversing on poetry and music, and warious other with the safe with the perling was the was think and the prelim the to take a ride, "Ah! you would steal my

to our readers, he was this time al- sweeter than the first; at any rate Mr. most a millionaire, though it had been Percy thought so, by the earnest

choose from Lammond's, I care not will leave her for a short time to her and he stooped to pick it up, saying

"O, yes, there are some sweet gems

"Oh! no, but if you will listen, I That was a scene of thrilling inte-

of poetry contained in it, and me-thinks I should never weary of read-ing those beautiful poems on Friend-of astonishment depicted on her coun-

were awiting him so anxiously. Not a word had been spoken by a sweet voice that you will be quite good, and not proveded the spartament. At length the sound of a bell, striking the solem hour of mindight broke the stellines, and as the least stroke died on the window. The strong the strong hour of the pet daughter Annie, hour of mindight broke the strong the regular of the strong the same any more for a week, so proceed. "The coming in father," and the sum face of his pet daughter Annie, hour of mindight broke the strong the regular of the strong the same any more for a week, so proceed. "The coming in father," and the sum of his pet daughter Annie, hour of mindight broke the strong and my friend he was anything on earth, the father of the strong and the strong

es, and surrounded by the stench of sickening odors and rank corruption, doth your Father in Heaven prepare the essence of life, the pure cold water; but in the green glade and grassy dell where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play; there God brews it; and down, down—in the deepest vallys, where the fountains murmer, and the rills sing; and high up the tall mountain tons—where the natall mountain-tops—where the na-ked granate glitters like gold in the sun, where the atorm-clouds brood and the thunder-storms crash; and far away, out on the wide sea, where the hurricanes howl music, and the senting fiese and replacing to on the country, for three and entered the country for three and entered the country for three and entered the country for the country for three and entered the country for the